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patience to sit out in the burning July sun from six or seven in the morning until six or seven in the evening, using every minute of time, and letting nothing escape, working as hard as you possibly can. This is not pleasant. This is not easy; and we have all been brought up to understand that an artist's life is, first, genteel, second, easy. An artist can be a gentleman, can make money if he pleases the public, and, most delightful of all, can live without work. This has been for years the common belief; but this is not the fact, and, thank God! every day makes it less and less possible for artists to live without work, and make pictures without hard and long and patient study of nature. Art, to be of any service in the world, *must* faithfully represent *nature*, otherwise a picture is not a whit better than a polished mahogany bureau or washstand; nay, it is worse; the furniture is honest and has a use, while the picture is a cheat and humbug, pretending to be what it is not, and is perfectly useless except to degrade the taste and corrupt the feelings of every honest person who looks upon it.

STUDY BY A BROOK, No. 184, SHELBURNE MEADOWS, No. 139—R. J. PATTISON.

Welcome, Mr. Pattison, to the Exhibition! Thrice welcome your two earnest little pictures. Here is another man who believes in hard work; who, although an artist, seems to have accepted the inexorable and wise laws of Providence, by which it is arranged that man shall obtain nothing good or great without hard striving and earnest effort. We have seen in Bierstadt, in Gignoux, and others, the results of the old, idle system; now let us see the result of hard work. Here is Shelburne Meadows, with the ever beautiful, always cold and clear Androscoggin river running through it, all painted on the spot. Look at this lovely river: how clear, and

transparent, and deep it looks, with every bush, and weed, and little shadow perfectly reflected in it, just as well drawn and complete in form as the bank itself, only a little darker. Then, examine this beautiful flat meadow, with all its variety of color and bright sunlight, and the distant blue Bethel hills, known and loved by so many. Truly, it is inspiration to look at it, almost as good as a visit into the country. This picture is a better criticism upon the large and false landscapes in the exhibition than anything that will or can be written. To all who wish to learn to tell the true from the false, we say study this picture, study Mr. Moore's picture of the Catskill Valley. An hour given to the study of these, will give more lasting satisfaction and more knowledge, than a day given to the others. A few more such pictures will soon lead the public to discriminate between right and wrong, to see the poverty and barrenness of the old school, and the simple beauty and truthfulness of the new. The sky of this picture, although very good in light and color, is rather heavy and painty. Some of the nearest foreground bushes are rather hard and metallic, but these are very small faults, that time and close study will remedy. "The Study by a Brook," although it shows the same hard striving and close study, is not quite as successful as the other picture. Some parts of this are excellently painted; for instance, the evergreen vines and grasses on the right, and some of the leaves on the left; but there is a want of the grace and softness of nature; all the leaves are too hard, and look as though they were cut out of tin. It is a very natural shortcoming, and is a fault in the right direction. Still, Mr. Pattison ought to determine at once that his pictures shall be entirely free from such faults in future. It rests entirely with himself. In every leaf in nature, even against a dark hole, as in this study,

there would be much more gradation and subtle change and mystery in the lines, which is only to be got by the most complete and thorough drawing. Mr. Richards's work often errs in this respect, and gives foundation for the popular outcry that the works of the new school are hard and flat. They ought not to be hard nor flat, and if each little leaf, or twig, or whatever it might be, were completely drawn, with all its variety and gradation of light, shade and color, it would not be flat nor hard, but would be just like nature. Some of the little openings, where you can look between the large leaves, are sadly wanting in fulness and mystery. Nature never looks as though she had been covered all over with Vandyke brown, and a few little leaves put on afterward, but all such little nooks in her greenery are full, and deep, and rich. There is a never-ending profusion and change. All these faults Mr. Pattison can overcome; we feel sure he will overcome them. He only needs more practice in drawing in black and white. Draw! draw! draw! It is what we all need. We can never do too much of it. To make ourselves perfect masters of form in black and white, is what everybody aspiring to artistic honor should make his first and exclusive ambition. All our young men need it, and the old men need it ten times more. The summer is almost here, and the trees are putting on their rich garments; the mulleins are growing tall, and stout, and soft, and there is work before Mr. Pattison. We wish him good subjects, and good weather, and sensible people to appreciate the results of his study. We shall expect to see some excellent works from his pencil in the fall, and, above all, one or two very thorough drawings in black and white. If it is only a few leaves, or a single weed, done as thoroughly as possible, he will find his knowledge of nature's gradation and mystery, and his

power of expressing it, greatly increased by this sort of practice.

THE SINGERS, THE LISTENERS, NOS. 210, 204, AND THE CIRCASSIAN, No. 226—
WM. M. HUNT.

It is a long time since Mr. Hunt has contributed to the Academy Exhibition. We do not quite like to think how many years it must be since everybody, almost, was admiring his "Marguerite." We had hoped that his withdrawing himself meant study, practice, growth; and that, when he did send us something, it would explain and justify his long seclusion. But neither of these three pictures shows either study or growth. The sentiment of the "Marguerite" degenerates in "The Singers" and "The Listeners" into mere sentimentality; the color has become more bricky and clayey; and what was allowed to pass in his earlier work as a youthful imitation of Couture, excusable as the natural, involuntary homage paid by a student to his master, has become in these later pictures nothing less than an abject, and we fear, irredeemable slavery.

What is the reason that we have so often to record and lament this falling off in our artists from the promise, sometimes from the achieved excellence, of their earlier works? Is it something in our society; or, is it that art is a forced product, any way, among us, and dies down after a short season of unnatural growth, because there is no deepness of earth? Or is it, simply, because art is long, and certain artists want to make it short; that it is hard, and they want to make it easy; that it is serious, and they find serious art unremunerative? In many cases it may be owing to one or all of these causes; but, it is easy to imagine instances where the failure must be accounted for in other ways. A man may believe art to be long, difficult, and earnest, and may wish to pursue it in that spirit; and yet, the social influences